

The Dragon's Revenge and a Dead Man's Switch



snatchedfromtheflames

4 years ago



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What do you do when the face in the mirror is suddenly marred by claws of a dragon who's hunted you from the days of your youth? Who do you call when your bleeding out on the side of a highway after our enemy's retaliation found its target?

The throbbing of noise is a thunderous bellow of madness. The darkness of the night is suddenly rent open by phosphorous bulbs exploding, launching tracers of light. Metal shards slice through the sky impaling themselves into the fabric of my body, clothing, tires, and the brush beyond the road. Thousands of pounds of a vehicle's frame suddenly smashes into my body.

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The impact launches me into the air and I am tumbling through the darkness. My body bounces onto the rocks before tumbling again and again until I am jarred to a sudden stop. Just yards beyond my body is a forty-foot cliff of broken shale and scraggy oaks inching their way towards the stars I am now seeing.

My head is pounding. My heart is charging through its paces ready to beat its way out of my chest. The tattered remains of my pants lie in ribbons around gravel raked knees and shins. Some internal evaluation determines I'm still alive and kicking, but I know my life may be a temporary reality. I am assessing myself, determining which injuries are most critical. The blood gushing into my left eye and pouring off my face is disabling, but not critical. Every breath is a reminder of how much damage my torso has taken. Confusion and chaos erupt against me but an immovable belief holds me back from the pit of destruction. Etched into the fibers of that hope is a well-seasoned confidence; my war is not yet over. Tonight, is not the night when The Dragon will have his long-sought revenge.

The thoughts come crashing through my mind one after another. I see the world slip into focus between beats of adrenaline focusing me into a purposed and practiced way to survive. My hearing begins to focus in and I notice tires screeching to a stop. Shapes are exiting vehicles. I don't know their faces but the strangers coming towards me may be here to finish what they started.

Before a moment turns to two, I hear the truth I need to get out of this alive. "Nathan must survive. He must live and not die. He must get home to Chelsea and Naomi, we have to get home to them. We can't die here, not now, not like this. I am not done here. I am not ready for this to be where they find our body lost while fighting in a ditch."

For the first time in far too long, a part of my heart which was so committed to death wants to live. We desperately need to not be done here. We survived a life time of death, but now we want to live in the season of rest. We want to have a family, to see our daughter grow and become who she was destined to be. We need to see our daughter fulfill her miraculous purpose on this earth. We know she is here for the glory of the One True God who entrusted her to us, for such a time as this.

She is the daughter who inspired me three years ago to finally leave the tattered world of murderers, monsters, and money hungry thieves. I forsook the generations of left-hand path work and renounced the sins of my ancestors who prepared a wicked road for their children to be feasted upon.

They did this by making deals with devils during Goetic Magick ceremonies that soon helped them build a fortune on the blood of betrayal. They chose to sacrifice the future of their firstborn children for the sake of building a dynasty.

I however, choose to rebel from generations of rebellion. I gave up families, friends, fortunes and a filthy fame that consumed my restless soul for decades. I finally quite running from the man in

the mirror and faced the coward within. I gave the many shattered pieces of my soul back to The Creator of Hope, the Author of Deliverance and one who saved a wretch like me.

I gave Him my blood-stained hands and turned myself in. I was so tired of hiding from the horrors of what I'd been made to do. I was so angry for the things I did to people I was ordered to make go away. I wept for weeks and months and now years for the people whose lives I left ruined shattered after "coincidental accidents," left them bleeding out on the side of a road.

Even in the suffering, I found faith buried beneath burdens of regret. I came to believe again The Creator alone could somehow make my dealings with death into a testimony of coming to follow The Resurrected King. The God I now choose to serve holds the keys to Death in His pierced hands. No longer will Apollyon rule over those who choose to call upon His Name.

The Redeemer held my bloody hands and did not turn from my shame. He did not push me aside and leave me to be burned. He lifted me out of the strange Family fires I was born and raised within. He did not cast me away but drew me out of the mire and madness of furious anger, bloodlust and hate. He put upon me a peace I am unable to comprehend. He quenched the fires of doubt with showers of His faithfulness. He did not leave me in the house of horrors where incestuous fires were kindled year after insufferable year. He showed me that He is not like my earthly father.

Unfortunately, like too many children out there, I was exploited and trafficked into being many oath keepers night of regret. My fleshly father turned a fortune blinded eye, to the lusts of family members and politicians alike. Though that was the life I grew to know as normal, I can, and choose to, break that cycle of abuse.

As for me and my house, we have chosen to serve Yahweh. The one who forbids such detestable things to be done. The God who does not keep secret the Family's dark ways. He is a good Father who protects, provides, and ensures you can receive a new life. Because I chose to leave the darkness and call upon His Name, He proved that He came to set the captives free. For I know He smuggled me and my family out of that wretched world and gave me one full of authenticity and hope.

As the years faded into the distance, my wife, daughter, and I left the echoes of The Underworld behind. Into the wilderness we wandered, where we found joy beyond measure, and a confidence which will never be shaken. He is faithful to fulfill His Word; I have tested it and found it to be true. He is a shield to those who trust Him and is a terror to those rebels of fallen will. With our eyes we have witnessed him jam the weapons of disciplined and trained assassins, stop curses from witches who walked in realms of power few imagine as real, and cast off the cowardice

within. He has fed us food when we had no money. He has kept cars running without gas, and given us new families who love with sincerity. He has even been faithful to give us homes in places from coast to coast.

The words I speak next are for those who may still be on the fence wondering if it's worth persevering. If ever you find yourself broken beyond belief or bleeding from a brotherly betrayal, I pray you remember these words. If there is still blood in your body and breath in your lungs you can still testify of His goodness and mercy to all. You can call upon Him who is able to save and He will deliver you. His Name is Salvation. He is the one I called upon when I was a young man full vengeance, hatred, and rage. He saved me then and I knew He would save me the night when my world exploded from speeding wheels leaving lanes and finding their target.

The truth is "Coincidental Accidents" never make headlines like a man murdered in a violent crime. They get buried on the columns of page 12 of the Local news everyone skips over. Family members placed within the ranks of editors and writers makes sure the headlines read just the way they like, after all the blackmail being held over them whispers of evil. Instead of hearing the story, the masses pass over the truth hiding in plain site; missing the martyrdom of people who spoke the truth and paid for it with their lives. The Families know confessions of a dangerous mind only get validated and vindicated when whistle blowers are discredited, destroyed, or dead.

But of course I am only speaking in hypotheticals right?

The truth is the war is getting bloodier every day. For those who'd like to know the truth, go ahead and spend some time looking at coincidentally accidental deaths or near misses in the last 12 months and you will see their scale-covered fingerprints.

I ask you though, what should we expect if the people continue to be willingly ignorant of The Enemies schemes? If you do not study and learn your enemies tactics you will not see his agents at work. You will pass over their sigils, symbols, and markers of death dismissing them as language of paranoid people and conspirators. Ever seeing and yet never coming to the truth, we accept the deception and call it lovely. In doing so, the Sorcerers and Architects live as kings behind the walls of shame-soaked souls.

Day and night the circus we call life plays on while billions pay their lives away to watch a

televised Message to The Masses. The holly-woods wand out entertainment as a mockery of people who protect their own enslavement. The endless spells are broadly cast over the nations. Sending forth a false light continually blinding them from coming to the truth, which is inescapable. For soon enough their curses will fail them, their gods will die like men and their crowned and conquering child will be crushed beneath the Pierced One's feet.

The days of hiding the Serpents spells with eons of secrets are coming to their climatic end. It is time to expose the subtle Craft of the Dragon. Now we know the archons of old and their spidery web of weavers will be stopped when we learn their tactics and tear down their strongholds of illusion.

Let us examine ourselves and understand how we have been so easily overtaken and outflanked, and why we are ready to be overrun. It is because the deadliest of fears have been sprayed upon us all as a weapon of their warfare. This fear which has stained our broken bodies must be called out of its shame-bound hiding place. Now is the time you ask yourself the painful questions we've all been avoiding.

When will you fight harder for the truth than you will for the comforts this world falsely provides? Why won't you be the man who wrestles with the monster he has been and slays the dragon within? When will the women learn their true identity will never come from the sorcerers who curse you with Fashion, Fame, and Feminism? When will our children be protected from poisons and perversions raining from our skies, spliced into our foods, and served up in the prisons of indoctrination we call schools? When will the people be willing to turn from their fear of men and finally fear The One who can throw our bodies and spirits into the fire of judgement?

Do you not know we are here to invade enemy territory? To sneak behind enemy lines and sow in seeds of forgiveness, love, passion, conviction and above all else His Truth, never knowing what that seed may bear. A single seed you plant may grow into an orchard that feeds a family in their hour of hunger. Another may sow a seed into rocky soil where it will lie dormant. Decades and centuries may pass before the soil once hardened by generational curses is suddenly churned and broken by the plow of a pilgrim.

A faithful pilgrim progressing on his journey of a covenant to The King. Soon the seed may be watered with hope for the first time. It may taste of the goodness of unconditional love and begin to grow roots into fertile soils prepared before the firm foundations of the world were laid. The leaves would stretch forth towards the sun-kissed sky they'd longed to gaze upon. A sky of sapphire, rich and vibrant as to cast off the crusty shells of shame once concealing its beauty beneath the grime. Those trees would grow to into places of provision for those trapped behind

enemy lines.

Chelsea, Naomi, and I are one family who stumbled our way through the darkness as we escaped from furious Knights of Gnostic Orders and criminal members of off-book military organizations. We found refuge under trees that were planted by men and women some of whom laid their seeds of faith thousands of years ago. Those pilgrims were courageous enough to choose to fight for their family to be free. Lives were laid down to in repentance from the stains of mistakes they wished had never happened.

They are the true heroes who have gone before us that looked upon idols of industry, Magic Kingdoms, and child ravaging kings and said, "No more." They were warriors of a different breed who fought not out of greed, hatred, or revenge but rather, they fought by their refusals. They waged wars of abstinence setting a precedence of purity, a way of living that was set apart from the streams of seduction swallowing us one by one.

They fed the enemies with forgiveness, mercy, compassion and hope. They offered shelter to spies and hid children who were commanded to be killed and gave them an authentic life instead. They created underground railroads, and smuggled families from bondage into homes of healing. They built cities and called them Refuge, Mercy, and Deliverance. It is in those set-apart places where they let the guilty and demented come and seek justice against the true perpetrators.

They stood boldly before princes, they bowed before The King and denied The Accusers the leverage they sought to condemn their souls. They lived their lives with gratitude, passion, laughter, and hope. They're love for justice and conviction for His Truth overthrew nations far greater than our own. They conquered Kingdoms with prayers of repentance and found that vengeance was best entrusted to The Rider on the White Horse not the end of our keystrokes of slanderous judgment. They slew dragons with their own fire, shut the mouths of liars and lions alike. They washed the wounds of their tormentors and gave generously even to the thieves. They loved without rational understanding and nursed wounded wolves back to health.

Their testimonies have held together the shattered pieces of millions of broken hearts. They are the true saints which have gone before us. They left this world speechless, by standing in a silent devotion to live authentically instead of dying with regret. They were a strange people remembered for their commitment to a Covenant that promised life for life instead of death for death. They are a people who need to be remembered, not with candles of necromancy and pagan holy days but in The Way we let their lives echo through our own.

Repentant tears need to stain our cheeks as we weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice. We need to be the ones offering our bodies to be cut in pieces in their colosseums of

public opinion. We need to post on their walls our testimonies without apology or regret. We need to be free from our fears of anything other than honoring His Name and dying in our quest to slay The Dragon once and for all.

And this dear reader is how we will see the end of our torment once and for all.

The keys to our Enemy's destruction were written with Revelation long ago and must be used in this war of the ages. *"The Enemy The Dragon, that Devil of Old is defeated by The Blood of The Lamb, The Words of our Testimony.....and not loving our lives even unto our death."*

The words of all our testimonies must be authored, spoken and brought out of their hiding. They will strike out as an arrow aimed at the heart of the Beast's kingdom. These words will in the end bring about its utter defeat. Let me then show you how I've contended with this Serpent of old.

The war is raging and it's time I expose my Family's serpent secrets and how The Reynolds were ensnared by his ways. Long ago, a tradition was started in The Families. It came when a beloved man betrayed His King. The price for his murderous ransom was thirty pieces of silver. My Family are keepers of this silver. For thousands of years these coins were used to strike unholy agreements that bound fortunes to blood, betrayal, and bondage. Each Family who keeps a coin must pass it from father to son. This Coin is passed down as a reminder of the covenant our lineage has with this beast. It is called The Joshua Coin. The Reynolds are taught it is one of the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for betraying Jesus of Nazareth. This Coin possesses the power to grow the fortune it is placed upon, into a Kingdom the Old Families and Religions would covet, but not be able to control.

To a father named Hardin Reynolds were born children; two of whom, Abram and Richard Joshua Reynolds would grow empires of gold out of nothing but dirt. R. J. Reynolds in his workings manifested a Titan of addiction seducing the world with tobacco, drugs and chemicals that would kill and corrupt billions.

Other Secrets revealed to Abram Reynolds taught him how to turn ore from the earth into Aluminum. The Reynolds Aluminum Company would birth the metal used in everything from nuclear submarines to the Reynolds Wrap found in every household. The byproduct and waste of this metal production, Barium, Titanium and fluorides are then sprayed from the skies, sold as prescription medicines or dumped into the drinking water so the world will digest its profitable toxic waste. The metals and their DNA altering bots seep into our bodies making us more and more like the image of iron mixed with clay. By doing so, our Family willfully sought to transform the world into the image of the beast. This was done with very precise and calculated will, intent, and multi-generational purpose.

The power which builds these 'Illumined' Bloodlines comes from the practices of Demonology or Goetic Magick. This sorcery involves the invocation of demon's, gods, and other entities to give you what you desire, the cost in many situations for this power is legal right to innocence of children.

The Reynolds like many other beguiled Families pledged to a fiery serpent called by many Amaruca, but long, long ago he was Gadri'el. (See 1st Enoch 68) He is one of the fallen son's of God who taught every stroke of death, the shield, the sword and coats of armor. From his hands come forth the Reaper, Death, and Hades follows him. He is the one who demanded the destruction of their children as a price for future sight of industries, the power to raise up monopolies and govern the wills of the people.

The Reynolds learned of his ways from
Mounds uncovered in the country which
bears his name. Before their rise to
monopolistic power, sacrifices were offered
by the Family. Coincidental deaths were
conceived, in 1862 when three of the
Reynolds siblings were murdered when a
Small Pox Vaccine killed John, Nancy, and
Ernest. Thus, began a new cycle which has
cost lives of children for centuries on end.
See The Gilded Leaf by Patrick Reynolds for
deeper dive into their ways, another man who has come out against the Reynolds Family Trust.

Because of these old curses, coins and covenants I have
been waging a war with the dragon I once called my
Familiar, my father and friend. This dragon met me like
my fathers before in a place of his own choosing where
his Crest of death marks a desert town. I was a young
man who was deceived by his subtle promises of
vengeance, immunity and a power to slay my enemies. I
ate of the fruit of his tree of evil. I was seduced by the
desire to be like god.

The rite of communion where this sacrificial covenant
took place was beneath the ceremonial stones of a

cursed Bridge in the desert of Western Arizona. A land which lies on the boundary of Deaths cursed Valley near the border of California. The Bridge is a famous one only to those who walk on left hand paths and sacrifice right hand lies. Its name is The London Bridge, and yes, it's actually the bridge you're thinking about.

It

is an open secret but one so commonly veiled. The Bridge built in the 1830's once crossed the River Thames. But in 1967 a Billionaire named Ropert P. McCulloch purchased the bridge where The Royals crossed, in the gilded chariots, which are now held in honor just a hundred yards away. and dissidents were hung by their necks. It was shipped stone by stone from the center of London and reconstructed over a desert wasteland turned green by Rosicrucian blackmail and a Jesuit pledge of protection. The acre of land on which the Bridge was built was given to The City of London making a veritable embassy for Great Britain. This foreign territory makes the it nearly impossible to have crimes investigated and evil to thrive. The spiritual hold over this territory only darkens its design.

It is in Lake Havesu City, Arizona where in 1971 The Lord Mayor of London, Gilbert Inglefield

stood in ritual Magic and laid the stone on which London's Heraldic Dragon was loosed from his chains. The same Mayor who year-after-year receives the giants Gog and Magog in honor when the City of London holds a parade to the gods of old.

This founding of the city was no coincidence. Starting out as a Cross marked runway in the desert between Phoenix, Vegas and Los Angeles it was named Site Six. It soon became used as a rest and recreation site for WWII B-17 bomber crews to have fun no matter what their appetites were. Years later McCulloch bought the base and the land which became Lake Havesu City. Even the Wikipedia article for Site Six, Lake Havesu states R.P. McCulloch desired to make a "Fantasy island" out of the land and build a test center, "for mind control experiments, the MK-interim line of products." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Site_Six%2C_Lake_Havasu

The London Bridge, and adjoining Island complex, was conceived to provide secret tunneled and private access built into various hotels, houses, waterfront inlets, parishes, and runways. The city grew by allowing cults, rogue military, and religious organizations to come and indulge in unbridled human research, and experimentation. Well placed prosecutors, police, priests, and politicians were there to make sure the secrets stayed buried. Even today it is known for its Spring Break reveling where people with deviant desires can come entice and exploit children and feast on strange flesh.

Families and individuals began to be trafficked to pedophiles and pornography production studios all across its city limits; even the places down by The Bay. These acts of deviance, rape,

and murder were recorded and sold as a product of this 'retirement' community in the southwest. The highways from California, Nevada, Mexico, Utah and Arizona distributed this modern day Sodomite ideology and practice across the United States.

Cults like Synanon coerced victims into sexual deviance of the worst kind and ultimately began to train assassins in Syndo martial arts. These agents dubbed 'the Imperial Marines,' then infiltrated the ranks of governments, corporations and communities alike. Their tactics for control relied on hypnosis, coercion and threats to blackmail investigators, business partners, and anyone deemed a Suppressive Person.

Paul Morantz, a man who fought for decades to expose these criminals of Havesu, was rewarded with rattlesnakes placed in his mailbox. Their rattles had been removed so they would not be detected. He survived the attempted murder yet has been in many ways successfully silenced in the media abroad. All the while the cult members slither their way into groups like the Knights of Columbus, where they change names and move into more profitable child-rich waters.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Synanon>

To this day the Governor of Arizona, pastors, politicians, princes, and cardinals stand on this Dragon Crested Bridge when they give medals and awards honoring citizens who've sold the most lies, authored the greatest confusion, or molested the most altar boys. By doing so they make sure to appease the people who know all too many

incriminating details about where the bodies stay buried with the secrets held in state. The details of which may have been published and will continue to be published by the survivors of their crimes. The victims who once had no way to fight back have learned there is more power in the pen than the swords once drenched in vengeance.

The reason I publicly reveal this information is because I am able to confirm: the first clue I'd left in my book *Snatched From The Flames* has been verified. To those who do not know, in the beginning of my book I inform the readers of a map tucked within my book that hid the locations, places, and identities of many of the true dragons hiding in plain site.

"F.8.8.-109.22.7.-107.12.8.-111.19.5.-50.18.7.
55.3.2.-112.24.8.-129.13.2.-120.13.10.-129.14.2."

As to who discovered the first clue, you know

who you are and I thank you for your
tenacious commitment to connect the dots of
darkness burning in the Southwest. Forts of
Gold may soon be next. As per what is
promised in the final chapters of my book, I
will release Part One of information
documented before the locations could be
burned, victims silenced, and cornerstones
smudged into mud flooded history. My
Family's agreements with those dragons and
devils is no longer one of my choosing. A
Dead man's switch can finally be thrown.

May you rest in peace Jarrett Griemel, your
death was not in vein and no amount of non-
combat related accidents will cover up their
crimes. Everything they have done in secret
will be brought to the light.

<https://abc13.com/archive/6855159/>

Perhaps the days of fishing for the souls of mankind are drawing to their end.

“Behold I am sending forth many fishers declares Yahweh, and they shall catch them. And after them, I will send for many Hunters who will hunt them down in their mountains their tunnels, bunkers, caves and secret retreats.”

Jeremiah 16:16 put to words the days we are living in. Those once wounded wolves are needed to hunt down the sycophantic serpents hiding in plain site. It is time we wage war for the souls of even the monsters masquerading as men and make sure they too know they will be held accountable. Sincerely telling them if they turn from their wickedness they too can be redeemed.

I am not afraid of their familiar tunnels and now it's time to teach you all how to fight in this Underworld. I pray these words remind you the battle we wage is not, and will never fully be, with flesh and blood, but with the cosmic powers, architects and orchestrators of evil, the spiritual wickedness which rules above us in astral places and State Capitals alike. These are the words of my testimony and I pray each of you will do likewise. You never know when the morning you wake up may be your last. I surely didn't see Death coming to rip out my throat on the night of Pentecost a few weeks ago.

They did not kill me in June on the side of the road like they planned to. For my God is a refuge and a fortress. In Him I rest, trusting He will deal justly and vindicate me from the those who seek my destruction.

All that being said, I am not ashamed to say their death stroke nearly took me out of this fight. My body was broken, ruined, and ravaged like the days of my youth. Dozens of my tendons and ligaments were twisted, stretched to breaking, eighteen ribs bruised some far worse than others. My back and stomach muscles were torn open and my intestines herniated in places all across my abdomen and sides. Not to mention the ravaged flesh of my face from my left eye to my jaw line.

My wife and young daughter were thankfully not present, but instead were left without an able body father, husband, and provider for weeks on end. Mercifully, they were not left with a funeral instead. The additional unbelievably expensive bills have not crushed us but they have bled us dry in an all too familiar, sometimes fearful way. Even still, my wife took courage in The Father's truth, while I took to hiding in pain and anger. She continued to remind me to not give up, to not grow weary when I was changing gauze and crying every time I sneezed, to be thankful for His mercy instead of bitter at a dragon's revenge.

Less than two weeks before the 'accident' which left me nearly dead, threats were made and warnings issued from the Dragons throat. This came in retaliation for what I had spoken at a conference in Canada where I exposed criminals who cover their tracks with bodies instead of owning up to their crimes. Chelsea and I made a decision when we started this exposition of secrets. We put our faith wholly in The Most High God. We entrusted ourselves to His hands and still do today. No matter the cost. For we do not live apart from His will and mercy and believe the truth is always the right reason to be hated, villainized, and marked for death.

We will continue to fight on, no matter the cost, and I ask you dear reader to join us in our battle. To link arms with us in prayer, purpose, and dedication to the truth. Do not give up when the fire of the Enemy burns down your house, devours your marriage or seeks to consume your children.

Stand firm dear warrior, with your feet planted in the foundations of peace. Do not let this world steal your love for the wounded, your compassion for the corrupt, or your mercy for the monsters who once coerced you or led you astray.

Light a candle of hope and keep it ever burning because the army of The Remnant will not be found in pews of pervasion or non-denominational churches of selfish indifference. The true warrior sheep are hiding under the pelts of the wolves they'd once been... ever eager to snatch another Family Tree from the fires of inescapable justice. But you be careful lest you fall into the snare of believing blood, hate, and death will be the answer to their detestable things.

To my brothers and sisters still lost in their fires, let these words be remembered. Let them kindle in your heart a restless courage to face down the monsters within and without. Think often of Joshua and Caleb who stood stronger in their old age than ever they were as young men. The war is long but His strength is unending and He will never fail you, but you must call upon His Name while there is yet time. . . The trumpets may soon blow and the walls of Jericho you've hidden within will fall down flat.

So, before you flee like Rahab, the righteous underground trafficker, make sure to discern how to bring those caches of evidence with you dispersing them to the places of exposition marked long ago. Kindle the beacons of revelation for it's time the world sees what our seed has been doing in darkness. For there have always been agents of redemption raised alongside archons of death.

Do not give in, beloved reader, to the doubts or sorrow but take hope in the promises of our King. He does not grow weary and He will not fail us in our hour of need. I am alive and my heart is still beating because great is His faithfulness, and the prayers of people who stood in my defense. It is these truths which brought me back to life.

To each of you who fed us, sheltered us, gave us places to hide from the madness all around we thank you. Suze, I thank you for showing me the power of faith. To Cordell and all those who grew up in their pits of violence where absent 'fathers' taught us life through fast fists, harsh words, and sharp blades. To Austin, for counting me worthy to hide in that hole when the others were blown away.

And of course, to Savannah. Thank you for teaching a soldier how to fight for his future, his family and the people who need to be delivered. The enemy never wastes his limited munitions on the dead but rather he targets the bold leaders who step out of the trenches and turn his prized weapons into double agents. Though the sharks may smell our blood in the water, it will only lead them to their own undoing.

Be courageous now for soon the storms will blow. When the world's eyes are finally opened to the rings of child-exploiting psychopaths hiding in seats of power all around. They will call for blood and death and 'justice' like the French did hundreds of years ago. But the answer is not a guillotine and riots of regret. Rather, careful deliberate actions must be taken to make sure the guilty are not able to escape by our dissociative rage.

Instead, the world will call for people who know how to turn personal abuse vendettas into a worldwide Judge Dredd. Soon our screens will be bombarded with greater problems, managed reactions and orchestrated 'solutions.' Solutions like an organization of people who will avenge these crimes by investigation, interrogation and ultimately killing the monsters of the earth.

The reward for this great culling will be hundreds of trillions of dollars of multi-generational blood-born wealth. This wealth will fund the most extravagant age man has ever seen. A new golden age shining with the radiance of deceptive light. The demand for justice will be so great the world itself will vomit up the keys to their own escape. The devilish solutions to this great evil will subtly lead them to demand a New World Court like the Palace of Peace in Astana, Kazakhstan or The Israeli Supreme Court building in Israel.

This system will be used to encircle the international cabals of chaos with a fiery serpent out of which a new Phoenix will rise. It will be A New World Order for The Ages engineered and orchestrated by Magicians and Theosophists of the order of Alan Moore, Aleister Crowley, Edward Bernays, Helena Blavatsky, and Himmler. Where men like Nicholas Roerich who placed that all elusive eye on the dollar bill and built Geomancy-charged Master skyscrapers for ritual spells to be broadcast across their New Atlantis. Broadcasts that echo to this day across our black scrying screens we call phones, tablets, and televisions. The message of the Muses manipulating the innocent masses who would brick by brick build The Rebels tower once again. Be careful, dear reader, lest you be found full of the strange fires of those Gnostic thieves and end up like Nadab and Abihu. (Leviticus 10)

Be humble even as your wisdom and understanding grows. Have mercy and patience on those who doubt your words and seek to discredit you for your new found hope. Do not let this world steal another moment of your time but instead be sovereign to your convictions, your home, land, Covenant, and tribe. Be slow to anger and quick to listen even if their testimonies are inconceivable and worse than you can imagine. Let us not be keepers of hypocritic-El oaths, non-existent NDA's and Compartmentalized classifications of secrets which ensure corporate criminals, religious rapists and government goat worshippers are thriving. Today's whistleblowers pay less with blood and more with pen strokes, legal reprisals, and frenzied character assassinations. So do not waver from your commitment to see this through to the end.

Stand firm when those fiery arrows rain down. Let your belief shield you, let the truth hold your hope together. May you be guarded by the righteousness of our King. He will vindicate you in due time. Remember, do not fear the ones who can kill the body, but fear the one who can destroy your body and soul in a fire that does not come from iniquity.

Let us not battle against brothers and sisters who are still on their way towards a Narrow Walk. Read the book of Judges, James, and Jude to fuel your fight with love for enemies and neighbors instead of being like Cain and the rebel angels bound by the Mark of hatred. Test the spirits always and follow the words of John in his first letter written for times such as this.

I hope you will pray for us and for all those who are in this fight. Pray for those of us who daily go behind enemy lines, infiltrating their meetings, capturing the evidence, and individuals who long to be free. Support those who you believe are bringing forth good fruit and cover them with encouragement, mercy, and patience. Share the truth no matter the cost, for by doing so we will, when it is all said and done, slay the Dragons of Old.

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